

The pretty halo hat with feathered brim ;
 These figures trim and slim ;
 The gloves above the elbows ; and the hair
 Low on the forehead — square —
 All but the grim calash — might easily
 Of modern maidens be.

And that snow-white and Quakerish half-kerchief
 May have in prim relief
 Set off such dimpled chin, such cheek of rose,
 Such little piquant nose,
 As forced some old-time pious youth to look
 Too often from his book.

Yet there's an antique air about them. Scan
 That turkey-feather fan !
 It might have blown, some long-gone Sabbath day,
 The scent of carraway
 And rose and fennel on the summer air,
 In some old house of prayer.

Still, neither of these maidens, though in guise
 So witching to the eyes,
 Look half so lovable, and dear, and true,
 Children, to me and you,
 As she who sits to day, with silver hair,
 In the home rocking-chair.

MRS. HUNGERFORD'S LETTER FROM HOME.

My Darling Mamma :

Papa says I may write and tell you that we are all well and you must enjoy yourself and not worry about us for we are getting along splendidly.

That's just what he told me to write, and he has directed an envelope all ready for me to put the letter in. But I don't see what he means by saying we are all well, for there's a lot of things the matter with us. There's measles, and mumps, and malaria, and if there were any more sicknesses that began with M, I guess we would have them too.

Grandma — she's got the malaria ; that's the prettiest name, and I think it's the prettiest-looking sickness. It makes her face yellow, but it don't puff her out like mumps. Edith and me think it makes her cross. Do grown folks get cross when they are sick just like children? She takes Queeneen to break up chills, she says, but I am afraid she will break up herself, for she shakes as if she would fly to pieces some days. I think she's got all the malaria there is in the house for none of the rest of us have had any ; but there was measles enough to go round, and we've all had 'em except me. I suppose I should have had some of them too, but grandma says I had 'em nine years ago when I was only a year old.

Billy, the boy that carries newspapers, brought us the mumps, and we aint much obliged to him. I asked him what he wore his face in a worsted comferable for, an' he said 'cause he'd got a corn behind his ears, and then he asked me if I saw anything

green, but of course I couldn't through his big comferable. Anyhow, I don't believe it was green corn in the middle of winter. Hannah said, the next to-morrow, when she saw him, that 'twas mumps, an' he 'had no business to come here, and she said, "You'll catch it, Miss, for talking to that naughty boy in the hall when you was told not to!" I did catch it too, and I wish I hadn't talked to him, for my mumps was awful, but they are most better now. Once I sneezed while I had them, and I thought I had torn off both ears and turned my nose wrong side out, it hurt so ; but I hadn't.

This is a picture of Edith, with both her mumps.



EDITH AND HER MUMPS.

She took them from me, grandma says, but I don't see how she could, for I kept 'em till long after hers began. They said she was only going to have 'em on one side, but she was most through with the measles so she had room enough to have 'em on both sides just like me.

You know I can't draw as well as papa, because he is a celebrated artist, but I thought it would be a comfort to you to see how she looks.

Jimmy and Josey have each got a mump apiece, and they are dreadfully measled too. Their faces are as red as red can be, and the little spots on them are redder still, and their mumps are all red and speckled too. Isn't it funny? perhaps it's because they are twins. I've drawn a portrait of them, and if I had time I'd paint it too, so you could see how bright their measles is.



JOSEY AND JIMMY AND THEIR TWO SICKNESSES.

Your canary bird isn't well, and we've took him out of the nursery. It can't be malaria because he yellower than grandma, anyhow, and couldn't get any worse; and I don't suppose it's measles, because the feathers take up too much room; and if its mumps, it will have to be a very small kind or else they will be bigger than he is.



THE BABY.

This is the baby's birthday. She is eighteen months old, and she's got two mumps and lots of measels. Grandma says they've come out splendid. I should think they had, I don't believe there's half a one left inside of her, and she's as cross as cross; she goes *yaou, yaou, yaou, waou, waou, waou*, and

she keeps knocking her mumps axidentically, all the time, and then she just hollers — my, how she hollers!

The picture a little way back is a picture of her. The dot is her nose, she is so swelled up that it looks like a little red button.

I've made up some poetry for you to put in your Ortograff album. It begins:

We are all in the dumps
Because of the mumps,
That swells up in bumps,
And gives us big humps,
And will not bear any thumps,
 trumps
 gumps
 flumps
 crumps

That's as far as I could make up the lines, but I know lots more words that rhyme, so I've written them down for you to make up some lines to yourself.

Grandma sends love and says I am not to write anything that will worry you, so I guess I had better stop now for fear I shall. I hope your cough is better, and you don't have to take Drover's powders to make you sleep.

Your very affectionately daughter,
Maie Hungerford.

P. S. Hannah says the canary is going to moult. I don't know as that is any better than to mump, but I dare say we shall all moult if he does, because it begins with M like our other complaints and I suppose it's catching — everything seems to be.

2. P. S. I forgot to say that the spots on the twins' legs isn't meant for measles — it's buttons on their boots.

3. P. S. If I didn't spell all the words right it is because you wasn't here to tell me how, and grandma's bizzy, and Hannah don't know. Have you learned how to speak Marseilles yet? The people must be very stupid not to use the American language when it's so much easier than any other. Give my love to Uncle Joe. Does he live in a nice house in Marseilles, and do his little girls dress like us, or wear high caps and white sleeves like the children in papa's picture of the market?